

Shadowed

by tastewithouttalent

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Summary: "Without the deliberate half-yell Tanaka usually adopts the volume of his voice drops into a rolling purr that Sugawara imagines he can feel through his fingertips." Suga and Tanaka put away the equipment and take a moment to themselves in the shadows. Takes place during episode 3.

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Sugawara doesn't turn immediately when he hears the sound of steps on the gym floor behind him. He sets down the bag in his hands, wipes his hands on his pants, and is just turning around when Tanaka tosses one of the two volleyballs he's holding at him. It's only by stepping to the side and getting his hand up in front of his face that Sugawara avoids taking the impact solidly against his nose, but he doesn't protest, just chuckles and brings his other hand up to steady the ball as he turns back to set it away.

"What do you think?" he asks as Tanaka come up behind him. When he reaches out without looking the other boy sets the remaining volleyball in his hand so he can fit it into the bin with the others.

"Think of what?" Tanaka asks, sounding truly lost by the question.

Sugawara smiles and straightens. "The new players." He turns back around. Tanaka's got his hands in the pockets of his sweatpants; from the way it takes a moment for him to focus on the other's face, Sugawara's pretty sure he was staring somewhat lower while the other boy was turned around.

He doesn't protest that, either, just steps forward and sideways towards the shadowed corner of the storage space while Tanaka shuffles in his wake.

"I like 'em." Tanaka's voice is stripped of his usual brash overstatement. Without the deliberate half-yell he usually adopts the volume of his voice drops into a rolling purr that Sugawara imagines he can feel through his fingertips. "The king's kind of wrapped up in himself, but he's good. And the little one -"

"Hinata," Sugawara supplies.

"Yeah. Hinata. He's got fire." Tanaka is approving, as if energy is the most anyone could ever want from a volleyball player.

Sugawara smiles, turns back around. He's in the corner of the storage room now, around the dividing wall from the rest of the gym. Tanaka, just at his heels, is backlit, casting all his face in shadow.

"I knew you'd like him." Sugawara's reaching out but Tanaka's anticipating, hands coming in around his neck and to settle at his waist while the other boy mirrors him, slides his palm up over the close-cropped fuzz of Tanaka's hair and the loose fabric of his sweatshirt.

"Don't tell me I'm so predictable," Tanaka mock-growls, coming in close so the sound hums over the other boy's mouth.

"You're extremely predictable," Sugawara smiles, and that brings Tanaka's mouth in against his, hard and demanding, just like he knew it would. He hums in satisfaction, is laughing softly when Tanaka pulls back.

"Does it turn you on when I tease you?" he teases, softly in consideration of the others in the main part of the gym, although he's fairly certain Kageyama and Hinata are exclusively focused on each other at this point.

Tanaka shudders, quietly and trying to hold it back, but Sugawara can feel the shiver run through the other's body from his hold on the other boy's waist and the fingers against the back of his neck. It's answer enough. He leans back in, catches Tanaka's too-loud whimper and muffles it against his lips, and when Tanaka's fingers curl up through the long strands of his hair his responding whine is lost to the other's mouth.

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